

When will our culture begin
to heal its rift with Nature?
I propose that healing the natural
and human communities of the
Northern Appalachians will
require big wildlands, low-impact
forestry, biological democracy,
and cultural restoration.



RECLAIM APPALACHIA!

Free

I was inspired to do this project after I read an article by Jamie Sayen (Wild Earth Journal, Winter 98,99) entitled "On Wilderness and Cultural Restoration in the Northern Appalachians".

Growing up in North Conway, New Hampshire I have always had a strong interest in ecological and labor issues. The article caught my attention because it linked together the gradual destruction of the traditional New England culture of self-sufficiency with the exploitation of the Northern Appalachian Forest. In the article, Sayen states, "Local Culture is derived from direct contact with the natural world over long periods of time. The food we eat the stories we tell, the medicines, fuel, clothing, and shelter that sustain us as part of the local ecology."

As I've grown up in North Conway I have been the sad witness of a dying culture and ecology. As the corner general store closed it's doors forever, the Wal-Mart dropped out of nowhere, overnight. As the clearcuts appeared in the neighboring White Mountain National Forest I began to notice the traditional skills of woodworking and millworking slowly disappear and replaced by minimum wage jobs such as retail, and restaurant work (DISHRATS!!!!)

IT SEEMS AS IF WE HAVE BEEN INVADED!!!!!!

Invaded by a new culture of absentee ownership, and capital, as if regions within our own national borders have become third world economies.

This means that we have to organize beyond political borders into natural bioregional borders. For this reason the following project will deal with issues regarding the Northern Appalachian Bioregion (except for an interview with a homeless man from Ann Arbor named Johnny Appleseed).

Not only will the project highlight issues affected our bioregion but also people that are DOING something about it!!!!!!!!!!

IWW (IU- 640 Restaurant, Hotel and Building Service Workers)

Nor, castah Earth First!

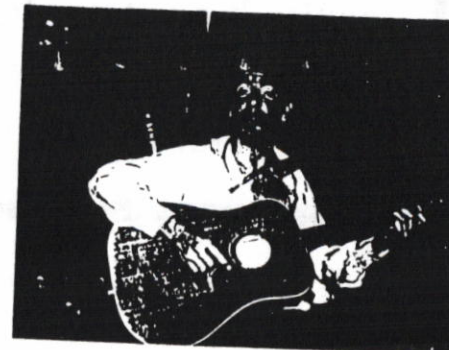
ecosystem
or environment

that
disappearing
being

Anti-COPYRIGHT



Yurt Dirt



If you would like a copy of The Accompanying Audio Portion of The Disk
Zine Send a note and a blank Tape To P.O. Box 127 Conway N.H 03818
Dishrats!

THE LAST BULLFROG BLUES (DO-RE-MI)

By Steven Pollan
C LOTS OF FOLKS IN MASS. THEY SAY ARE LEAVIN' F
C ME MOST EVERY DAY BEATIN IT DOWN I-95
C THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LINE.. WHERE THE G
C MOUNTAIN AIR IS CLEAN (THEY THINK) AND THE WATER F
C SAFE TO DRINK THEY THINK THEY'RE GOIN'
C THE MUDBOWL BUT A SLUDGE BOWL'S WHAT
C THEY FIND.

C IF YOU WANT TO RUIN YOU'RE HOUSE OR FARM
C DO THIS WORLD SOME HARM
C YOU CAN DUMP THAT SLUDGE IN THE RIVER OR SEA
C BECAUSE THE EPA SAYS IT KNOWS WHERE
C HEAVY METAL ROLLS AND FLOWS DOESN'T
C AGAIN IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME

WELL THE CORPORATE MAN KNOWS WHAT'S BEST
THE CHEMICALS THAT WE INGEST
HEAR: THE LAST DIEING CRY OF THE
CONSUME BULL FROG
THIS SPECIES IS DIEING FAST AND I
HOPE I'M A GONNA LAST LONG ENOUGH
TO SING THESE LAST BULLFROG BLUES..

3000 Nuclear Regulatory Commission licenses have been granted to discharge radioactive material (including plutonium) into sewage treatment plants. Yet sludge is not monitored or tested for radioactivity.

THE MINIMUM WAGE STRIKE !!!!!!!

This is our dream.....

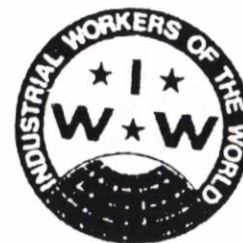
Imagine all the minimum wage workers on strike.....

All the Wal-Mart's closed, the dishes piling up, the disgruntled tourists????

Imagine a Union that could actually represent and UNITE those workers who are not making even CLOSE to a livable wage!!!

The following section is dedicated to the minimum wage workers of the service industry!!!!!!

VIVA LA IWW !!!!!!!



The songs of this section are dedicated to the workers of the service industry.

Ballad of the Dishwasher is a song I wrote about many of my good friends back home who are struggling to make a living the only way they can. It is written to the tune of "The Ballad of the Moonshiner"

Aristocracy Forever is a song written by fellow worker (FW) Judi Bari while working for the United Food and Commercial Workers Union (UFCW). The Song is written about the abuse of power by the labor bureaucracy. The Tune is to the popular labor hymn "Solidarity Forever"

The remainder of the songs
Which Side Are You on
Peg and Awl

Were sung with my good friends Steve and Jon Pullan (Who wrote the Sludge Bowl Ballads at the end of the zine)
They also wrote and sang
When WAL-MART Comes to Town

The interview is with a man named Johnny Appleseed who I met on the street in Ann Arbor Michigan

Whom
2

THE SLUDGE WRECKED THE FARM AND THE FARMER TO YOU KNOW. THE FARMER IS THE MAN IN STYLE ON SKID ROW WITH HIS CARDBOARD SHOES AND HIS OVERHAULS ON.

SOME FOLKS SAY SLUDGE IS LIKE A WRECKING BALL HITS YOU WITH HEAVY METAL AND DOWN GO ONE AND ALL... GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY YES THE MORAL OF THIS SONG, ONE SHOULD NEVER PUT SLUDGE WHERE IT DONT BELONG.. IT'LL WRECK YOU'RE HOME JUST AS SHURE AS YOU'RE BORN.



WRECKING BALL (TUNE OF BILLWEEVIL BLUES)

By Steven Pullan

THE FARMER SAID TO THE SLUDGE MAN I SEEN YOU
AT MY DOOR YES SIR SAID THE SLUDGE MAN I'VE
BEEN THERE BEFORE... GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME
A GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE SLUDGE MAN HE WAS DOWN AT
THE SQUARE. NEXT TIME I SAW THE SLUDGE MAN ALL
HIS SLUDGE WAS THERE GONNA WRECK YOU'RE
HOME GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME.

THE FARMER TOOK THE SLUDGE AND STUCK IT IN THE
SAND HIS COWS LAID DOWN AND DIED UPON
THE LAND GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME GONNA
WRECK YOU'RE HOME.

WIND IT BLEW AND IT MADE AN AWFULL SOUND
WHAT DO YOU KNOW THE CROPS WONT GROW
PLANTS ALL CAME UP BROWN.. GONNA WRECK
YOU'RE HOME GONNA WRECK YOU'RE HOME.

THE FARMER WENT ~~THE~~ TO THE BANKER
I'M HERE TO BORROW A NOTE
GET OUTA HERE YOU SON OF A GUN YOU
GOT SLUDGE ON YOU'RE COAT GONNA
WRECK YOU'RE HOME GONNA WRECK YOU'RE
HOME

In October 1995, 675 tons of sludge were applied to a hayfield in Greenland. Dozens of neighbors living down wind developed medical problems. Three had to be taken to the hospital because they had breathing problems. Joanne Marshall, one of the 'abutters', links the death of her son to this sludge operation. The state medical examiner ruled that the cause of his death was 'inconclu-

Aristocracy Forever

Words by Judi Bari, U.S.A.
Tune: Solidarity Forever.
First appearance, 36th edition.

When the union leaders' payoffs by the bosses has begun,
There will be no labor trouble anywhere beneath the sun,
For the A.F.L. trade unions and the management are one;
The union keeps us down

Chorus
Aristocracy forever, aristocracy forever, aristocracy forever,
The union keeps us down.

It is we who have to suffer through the daily drudgery,
While Kirkland* pulls a hundred thousand dollar salary,
Though he claims to lead the workers he is just a bourgeoisie;
The union keeps us down.

What do workers hold in common with a labor bureaucrat,
Who's a class collaborationist and a boss's diplomat.
With the money from our paychecks he is sitting getting fat,
While the union keeps us down

They've aligned us with the mafia, the CIA and more,
Serving counter-revolution and oppression of the poor,
Till the union doesn't represent our interests anymore;
The union keeps us down

In our hands we hold a power they don't even know about;
They've forgotten that the workers are the union's source of clout.
When the rank-and-file workers kick the union bosses out
Again we will be strong.

Last Chorus
Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever,
Again we will be strong.

*Lane Kirkland, head of the AFL-CIO.

JB: One of the first things that attracted me to Earth First! is that they sang. I used to work in an AFL union and also independently as a union organizer before I ever got to Earth First! or IWW. Actually, the first song I ever wrote was for a contest in the United Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW) union. I was a retail clerk then, and they were this really right wing union. They were going to have a contest for people to write a version for our union of "Solidarity Forever." I wrote a parody that was called "Aristocracy Forever."



She played
The Fiddle

Have
more
too small

This was
Written by
Judi Bari

From "Dishwasher Zine"

In The Hobo's Hornbook, George Milburn wrote that Jim Seymour, a frequenter of "Bughouse Square" (Newberry Square) in Chicago, was one of the hobo's favorite poets. Seymour's poem, "The Dishwasher," which first appeared in the I.W.W. press in the Industrial Worker (May 1, 1913) has been frequently reprinted in I.W.W. publications at the request of readers.

THE DISHWASHER

By JIM SEYMOUR

Alone in the kitchen, in grease-laden steam,
I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day
Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;
And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats
A stream of the Traumerei's soul-stirring notes,
Engulfed in a blending of sorrow and glee
I wonder that music can reach even me.

For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,
The voice of a master the lowly has heard,
The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin
Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have
been";
Had men been born equal the use of the brain
Would shield them from poverty, free them from
pain,
Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire
Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.

But now I am only a slave of the mill
That plies and remodels me just as it will,
That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat
That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;
That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck
Down deep in the foul indescribable muck
Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,
And washt!—in a tubful of sickening slime!

By Steven Pullan TALKIN' BIO-SOLID RIVERBOTTOM BLUES

^G 19 HUNDRED AND 97 I HAD A LITTLE FARM AND I CALLED
THAT HEAVEN. SLUDGE CAME IN AND WAS DUMPED ON
THE GROUND ^D BUT THE RIVER SWELLED UP AND WASHED
IT DOWN... MIGHTY STRANGE WAY TO REGULATE SOMETHIN

WELL I DON'T KNOW BUT I BEEN TOLD THE STREETS IN HEAVEN
ARE LINED WITH GOLD.. STREETS IN EAST CONWAY ARE
LINED WITH SLUDGE.... BLACK OLD MEAN SLUDGE
COURTESY OF THE EPA

LATE ONE DAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WEEK MY EYES
WHERE CLOSED I WAS SLEEPIN' ON A BEACH
BIG OLD SLUDGE TRUCK CAME ALONG BURIED ME
50 FEET DEEP.... I COULDN'T SEE OR HEAR, TALK
WALK, EAT, SPIT I WAS BLIND AND CRAZY BUT FELT
LUCKY TO BE LIVIN' IN THE USA THOUGH.

WELL WAY DOWN YODDER IN A RIVERBOTTOM
THAT SLUDGE WAS MOVIN' AND IT WASN'T EVEN STOPPIN'
PCB'S AND P'S AND DDT'S SOME NUKES AND
A FEW ENVIRONMENTALIST'S TOO

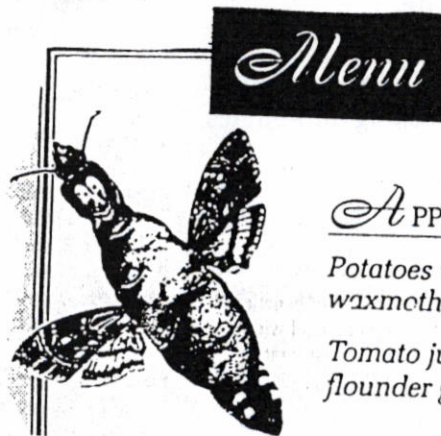
WELL MAN ALIVE I'M TELLIN' YOU THAT BLACK OLD
SLUDGE REALLY FLEW, ALL THE WAY DOWN THE
SACO RIVER, ROCKIN' AND A ROLLIN' TO THE
ATLANTIC OCEAN

WELL I THINK WE OUGHTA FILL A BIG PIT FULL
OF IT AND HAVE A FOOT BALL GAME WE'LL
CHARGE A BUNCH OF MONEY, FIND FORTUNE &
FAME WE CAN BUILD NEW ROADS AND MAKE
WIDER LANES...WE'LL HAVE THE SUITS
VS. FREEDOM AND HEALTH.

From -
Sludgebowl Ballads



Last year, 50-million acres of genetically engineered crops were grown in the US. Nearly 70-million were grown worldwide. Mice, cows, and human embryos were successfully cloned.



Menu

*A*PPETIZER

Potatoes with
waxmoth genes

Tomato juice with
flounder genes

But on with the clatter, no more must I shirk,
The world is to me but a nightmare of work;
For me not the music and laughter and song,
No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;
For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,
No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;
For me but the venting of low, sweated groans,
That twelve hours a night have installed in my bones.

The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought
Within the poor brain it awakened to thought
Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread

Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.
The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those
Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.
Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,
But never forget that the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live on the fat of the land,
You overfed parasites, look at my hand;
You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse,
But such are the hands quite familiar with force;
And such are the hands that have furnished your drink,

The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,
And hands that have fed you can crush you as well
And cast your damned carcasses clear into hell!

Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,
As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;
Go on with your airs, you creators of hates,
Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;
But while at your feast let the orchestra play
The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise
That red revolution be placed on the throne
Till those who produce have come into their own.

But scorn me tonight, on the morn you shall learn
That those whom you loathe can despise you in turn,

The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know
That only their ignorance keeps them below.
Your music was potent, your music hath charms,
It hardened the muscles that strengthen my arms,
It painted a vision of freedom, of life—
Tomorrow I strive for an ending of strife

Woody Guthrie
"Dish Washing" (1945)

I get to see lots of pretty hills and scenery out of my porthole while I'm washing my
hes. The good part of it is that the ship keeps swinging around on its anchor chain and
mountains and hills and the beach and the shore line are always changing.

Restaurant Jobs Are Available. but the Pav Is Often Peanuts



He better stop this staring-over-the-
shoulder-business or else head-first
into the machine he goes!!

from "Dishwasher Zine"

You will eat our Tofu Pies
When you Sell mutant plants
and you lie
While the earth you rape
there's no escape
You'll get your Pie
in the Sky
When you Die!!!



NO REMORSE

We love pie. We love life.
We are happy to cut a slice of pie for you.
We are not willing to have life sliced
open by commodity seeking bio-pirates
and geneticists.

VIOLENCE IN THE EYES OF THE PIE-HOLDER!!

"The statement that went with it turned it into a serious act
of violence." — Prof. Minocha, Plant Biology & Genetics

"I smooshed a whipped cream pie into the face of geneticist
Neil First... I see the geneticists of today as parallel with
Nazi doctors. To them the human race is the master race
and the rest of life disposable." — Agent Creamy Genes

"It's a very exciting field." — Doktor Neil First

The Cloner and The Pie

(Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye)

- (1) Oh Corporate Cloners and Their big donors
They Play
They chop and they Splice
D.N.A

And When asked about something to eat
They will answer in voices so sweet

(Refrain) - You will eat if you buy
in Monsanto's share of The Pie

Thank god for Gene Technology
Now we can eat in this sweet bye bye
(That's a lie!!)

- (2) If you're a farmer and live with the land
And worked all your life with your hands
your troubles are over they tell

Till your crops are under their spell

(Refrain)

- (3) Oh good people of all Countries unite!
With pie's in our hands we will fight
And when the world an its attention
we have gained
To the grafters we will
Sing this Refrain

The Ballad of the Dishwasher

(Andrew Javitz)

Tune - Moonshiner

- (1) I've been a dishwasher fer many long ye
And when my works over
I'll drink all my beer

- (2) BUT still I am hungry
As I wash every dish
And the tourists they dine
on lobster and fish

- (3) 6 bucks an hour
Don't go very far
When you've got a family
A home and a car

- (4) But me I've got nothing
but a D.W.I

As I hitchhike to work
Cuz, no car I can drive

- (5) My Mother, My Father have
No hope for me
As they Pass me hitchhiking
In their Jeep Cherokee

WHY?

203 secretarial
224 services

Himmelpfort



yes!

March 5, 1999

Communique of the Biotic Baking Brigade-Nor'eastah Irregulars (BBB-NI)

Dr. Neal First, geneticist and animal cloner from the University of Wisconsin, was given his just desserts last night after a lecture at the University of New Hampshire. First had just finished presenting the latest on his "science" and was receiving applause when Agent "Rusty" of the BBB-NI flung a red-tinged cream pie straight from the lecture hall doorway into Dr. First's placid face. Agent "Rusty" warned all present, "Don't Fuck with Mother Nature!"

Just moments later, the "good" docbor was served a second helping of humble pie by BBB-NI Agents Creamy Genes and Lemon Souffle who reminded the audience of 100+ that "Cloning is no clowning matter" and to "Respect all life - Stop torturing animals!"

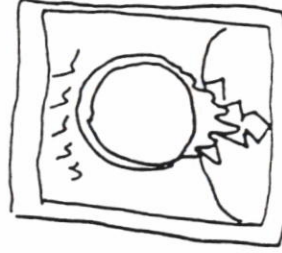
According to Dr. First, he and his cohorts have been attempting to follow up the successful cloning of a sheep in Scotland with cows, pigs, monkeys, etc. and have even tried combinations of animals. Alas, no new creatures have been created as of yet, according to First. He did, however, proclaim the success of genetically engineered trees for replanting the chainsaw-ravaged forests of the Pacific Northwest. Lastly, when asked about the further future possibilities, First admitted that "clones would probably not take over the planet."

-- end --

adventures in biotic baking



the mad doctor



pie delivery

Time is Running...
(A. Javitz)
(Tune: There is Power in a Union)
Joe Hill

(1) When the dishes pile up
and your working overtime
While your Boss
Just whines and whines
When your hours disappear
As your paychecks drawing near
There can be no time to

Cuz -

There is power, There is power
In a band of working men
When we stand hand in hand
That's a power That's a power
That must rule in every land
One Industrial Union
Stand!!

THIS SECTION IS DEDICATED TO
THE ABILITY OF BIG BUSINESS
AND ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP TO
SUBVERT AND INFLUENCE
PUBLIC POLICY AND IN THE
PROCESS DESTROYING OUR LAND
AND CULTURE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Free trade encourages poor forestry practices as international companies exploit our forests.

Where Have All The Hardwoods Gone
(A. Javitz)

(Tune: Where have all the Flowers gone - P. Seeger)

(1) Where have all the hardwoods gone?
long time passing

Where have all the hardwoods gone?
long time ago

Where have all the hardwoods gone?
They've gone to Canada everyone

Ooh When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

(2) Where have all the Softwoods gone?
long time →

They've gone to pulp mills everyone.
When will →

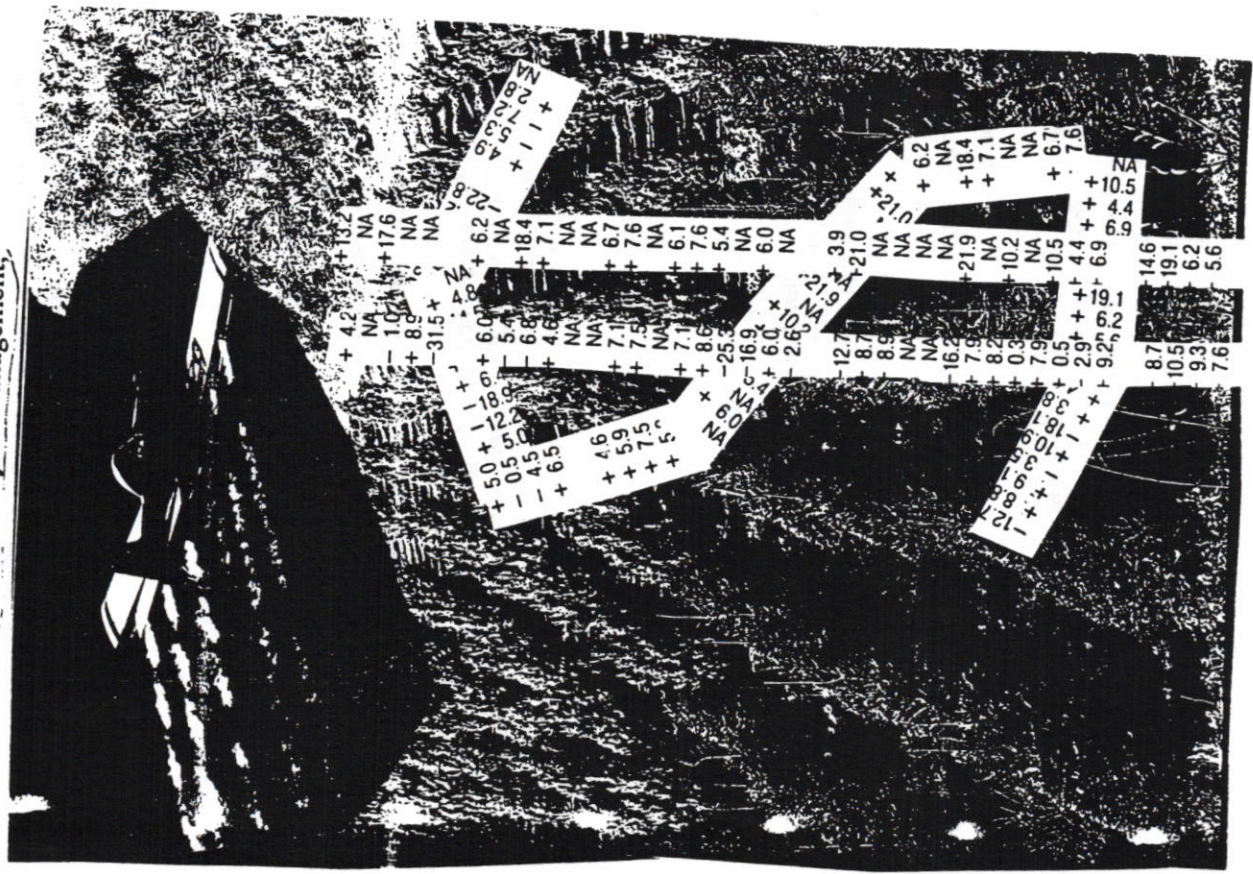
(3) Where have the White Mountains gone?
long time →
They've gone to Wall Street everyone.
When will →

Paper Company Lands For Sale—Again

Purpose and Need ? From Forest Service Document

(d) Grow small diameter trees for fiber production.

Higher Intensity of Management,



timber products through intensive timber management practices;

(emphasis on early successional species;

Raw log harvesting, small diameter trees for fiber production, clearcutting, herbicides..... WHAT????????!!!!!!

In recent years I have been noticing an interesting trend in forestry, and National Forest policy. As I would be stuck in the nauseating North Conway traffic I would notice all of the logging trucks with Large diameter high quality hardwoods (Oaks, Maples etc...) would have Canadian plates while the trucks containing small diameter softwoods would be going to Maine.

I was soon to find out that the high quality hardwoods that need generations to grow are fast being clearcut and sent to Canada to be milled and sent back to our communities at a much higher, value added price. While small time woodshops, and sawmills are closing down woodworkers are forced to buy foreign exported timber from stores such as Home Depot.

Meanwhile as the valuable hardwoods are clearcut, small diameter softwoods (hemlock, spruce etc) are replanted and cut in shorter intervals for paper production. Often, to keep only softwoods growing timber companies will spray anti-hardwood herbicides.

This despicable behavior can only be blamed on the short sightedness of profit globalisation. Any local resident with any sort of sense would know that it takes long term vision to sustain a community!!!!!!

Why?

Other songs included in this section are songs about toxic sludge (another corporate venture in public policy) and Biotechnology (Monsanto SUCKS need I say more....)

Most recently at the University of New Hampshire, a genetic researcher was treated to a pie in the face thanks to a valiant eco-warrior named Agent Creamy Genes of a group called the Biotic Baking Brigade (BBB). Many CEOs, Cloners, and politicians have been victims of the BBB.

I wrote the song **The Cloner and the Pie** to the tune of "The Preacher and the Slave" by Joe Hill.

Other songs in this section are- **Where Have All The Hardwoods Gone**- I Wrote this song to the tune of "Where Have all the Flowers Gone" by Pete Seeger

This Monkeywrench of Mine- Was written by fellow Earth Firster Darryl Cherney to the tune of the gospel hymn, "This Little Light of Mine"

The remaining songs were written by my good friends Jon and Steve Pullan

The Wrecking Ball- Is a song about sludge and farmers. It is appropriately written to the tune of "The Boll Weevil"

Talkin' Bio Solid River Bottom Blues- A Talkin' blues in the tradition of Woody Guthrie

The Last Bullfrog Blues- Written to the tune of "Do Re Mi" by Woody Guthrie

Tree Spike Mike- Written to the tune of "Jackhammer John"

What is meant by raw logs and wood chips?

Raw or unprocessed logs are those cut and sold without being milled. This greatly reduces the worth of the wood product by eliminating the value added both through milling and manufacturing.

Some facts about the export of raw logs and wood chips

- The U.S. sends more wood fiber, whole logs and wood chips, overseas than any other country.
- The export of hardwood logs from the Northern Forest quadrupled between 1989 to 1993. Raw log exports account for 30% of the sawlogs shipped out of the Northern Forest region.
- Canada receives 95% of all regional hardwood and softwood exports.
- Raw log exports result in a significant loss of jobs and money. For instance, if all of the wood that was exported to Canada during the mid-1980's would have been milled regionally, we would have supported 8200 jobs and added more than \$300 million dollars to the economy.

The export of raw logs equals the export of jobs.

The export of raw logs results in a significant loss of jobs and money. For instance, if all of the wood that was exported to Canada during the mid-1980's would have been milled regionally. We would have supported 8200 jobs and added more than \$300 million dollars to the economy. By providing alternatives to raw log exports, such as an innovative secondary-processing